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PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION, FOR THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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For Zion's Herald.

PAPERS ON PRISON LIFE AMONG THE REBELS—NO. 17.

Wheeling, West Va., May 10, 1865.

I spent nearly a month in the stockade at Savannah. From time to time we held service. Sometimes we had preaching, and sometimes social meetings. In every place I tried to obtain a Bible; I could get none. I wrote letters to the Methodist preachers wherever I was, inviting them to call, or at least send me a Bible. No one ever called, and I got no Bible. At one time, in answer to my request, I received a few papers and tracts published by the Church South. They were bitter and hard on the North. Many of the most earnest and bitter were Southern Methodists. From a fact or two, perhaps it will appear that Methodists in the North were as hearty on the other side, though I hope not so unchristian. At one time at Macon, there were ten ministers, three chaplains and seven officers, and every one I understood belonged to the Methodist Church. Chaplain Dixon was captured with a chaplain that belonged to the church. The regular man at once went to the rebels and told them he had not made up his mind which side was right, and that if he got out, he would not enter the service again. He went home in a few weeks. Chaplain Dixon stood aloof. He made no apology for being there, but went to helping the wounded and to comforting the dying. Him they kept more than five months, and treated him like a dog.

The rebels put up a small building for a kind of sutler's shop, and to put rations in, as they were brought into the stockade. The work was done by negro carpenters. I used to amuse myself by watching them at their work. I did not see but they used tools as handy, and planned work as well as any one could. The conversation among themselves was as dignified and intelligent as you would be apt to hear from a gang of working men in the North. To be sure, they were city negroes, and better bred than those could be on the plantations. One day I wanted some nails to fix up my bed. I went out where the negroes were at work. Some rebel soldiers were guarding them, and a white man also had charge of the gang. I carelessly walked up behind a fine looking young negro, and said in a low voice, "Give me some nails." He did not seem to move a muscle, or turn his head to look around. He stood a moment, then went a few steps and picked up a hammer lying on the ground. He then went to the nail kag and took up a handful of nails, and spent a moment in laying them straight in his hand. He then walked off to the opposite side of the building from where I stood, and facing about, took a leisurely survey of the earth, but so many of you will promise to try and set a man whirling. Another took the sleeve of an officer's coat. One passed down through the building and struck a table around which several were just going to eat some corn bread, and spoiled the rations. A man was taking his comfort on a bench, when a shell struck one end of it and sent his sprawling. But from first to last not a drop of blood was drawn on a Union officer. They hit other people. One night I most distinctly remember: I had an old bunk, and taking a door from its hinges, I made a bed by laying the door so as to sleep on it. That night the Swamp Angel seemed to have the range on the burnt district, just between the ruins of the Catholic Church and our quarters.

For a while I watched them with a dull, declining interest. Like a star they shone distinctly, and seemed for two or three miles as though they could come directly into my eyes, and then by the range I would see that they would go aside or fall short. I slept as sweetly that night as in any night of my life. The music lulled me to repose.

The sink for the prison was a trench dug across one end of the yard; but becoming so loathsome, other arrangements were eventually made. The slaves were sent to the old trench. The most of the number were women and girls. The overseer seemed to have no shame at sending women to perform such a task. Most of the slaves were partly white. Their arms were naked and their lower limbs were partly exposed. They seemed to be healthy and happy. They watched us with a great deal of seeming interest.

One afternoon it was announced in prison that the chaplains and surgeons would go next morning to be exchanged. We were much elated. In the evening Chaplain Dixon preached a fine sermon; and it is to him, I made some remarks. It seemed a time of deep interest, and at its close I said: "We go out from among you, and the only pain we feel is that you are to be left behind; but one thing we can do—we can pray for you. Now we may not meet again on the earth, but so many of you will promise to try and meet us in heaven, please raise your right hands." By the faint light of the moon that came breaking through the clouds in the west, and the glare that came from the fires on the dead line, some ten steps off, I could see that every hand went up. The service closed, and for half an hour those dear men gathered about us, shaking hands and with tears bidding us God speed. When the crowd was broken, and most were gone, there came to me a fine young lieutenant, who had lost his right arm. I knew him well. Fair and young and fair, some mother mourned his absence. "You gentle for that rough life!" As he came, I saw the big teardrop standing in his hot eye. "Chaplain," said he, "I haven't a right hand any more, but I raised up my left hand and the piece of this arm that is left on my shoulder, and won't that do as well?" "God sees my heart," he repeated, "and I want you to pray for me." We mingled our tears, and parted. I trust we shall meet again.

The next morning at half past three we were all ready to go. No call was made for us. The day went by and the order was repeated, and next morning we were sent from Savannah. Before leaving, we took many names to write to friends a word of cheer. Our party consisted of nine, two chaplains and seven surgeons. We expected to meet a party from Charleston, and with them go through the lines to Hilton Head. On we went to Charleston, and began to droop. In the car was a confederate soldier, a kind looking old man, sitting just behind me. At one time I looked around, and he was eating his lunch. He had a roasted sweet potato. I arose as quickly as I could, and before I thought what I was doing, turned and asked him if he would not please to let me taste a little piece of that potato. He gave me a piece, and also a bit of bread and meat. It would be useless to attempt to tell how that potato tasted. It was not so much the lack of quantity, as the kind of food.

Not far from noon, we entered Charleston. The cars stopped out of town, and we were marched in. A few negroes sat with a few vegetables to sell by the sides of the streets. The negroes looked kindly upon us. The Irish and German women seemed to pity us. The Southern women made us feel like throwing bricks. The stores were mostly closed. The grass was rank, and a few cows were feeding. Here and there we saw a pig. As we were waiting at the office of the provost marshal, I gave a boy a dollar to get the party some apples, as he said they had some at the store a little distance off. He brought me some little knobby, tasteless things. It was the best we could do.

We were sent to a house on Broad Street used for the non-combatants' prison. We passed the Work House and Roger Hospital, Marine Hospital, and jail in which the officers were confined under fire. Just as we were passing, a few shells exploded in the air, just above our heads. We were put in a building perhaps one hundred rods off from the Roger Hospital. We had plenty of room and a chance to bathe in a bath house near our quarters. Here we got flour and fresh beef. Obtaining money, we secured some sweet potatoes and tomatoes. We purchased some rice. The ever present and ever kind negro again helped us, and we lived with some little comfort.

The city looked like a ruin. No men were to be seen, save here and there an old man. Negroes were passing to and fro to their work on the fortifications. Soldiers in small numbers could be seen, and a few

officers were gallanting with the ladies. They used to come and gaze, as children go to Barnard's.

Perhaps the deep interest connected with our stay at Charleston arose from our being placed under fire. This barbarism of placing the Union officers who were prisoners of war under fire, I will explain: For many months the United States forces stationed Morris Island in Charleston Harbor had been throwing shells into the city. The enemy had been constantly enraged at this, and sought to compel our government to suspend the bombardment. The method was this:

On Friday, June 10, great commotion of joy was caused at Macon, Ga., by an order for fifty ranking officers. Five generals, eleven colonels, twenty-five lieutenants colonels and nine majors left, supposing they were to be exchanged. We bid them in peace, and gave them the names of our wives and mothers, that they might drop them a line to know of their safety. Judge of our rage when we learned that they were placed in the shell district at Charleston. The object was to compel our men not to shell the city. When our government was about to put a like number of their officers under fire, the rebels said, "Let us exchange them," and they did so.

On Wednesday, July 27, another order came, and six hundred went. They tried to make us think it was for exchange, but we could not trust them. They went under fire. In a few days three or four hundred more were brought into the city, and early in September the six hundred at Savannah were added, making not far from sixteen hundred in all. The four buildings to which I referred stand on four sides of a square; and if it should come into the city, they would stand a chance to strike here. Our forces soon learned the location, and aimed to hit the buildings; but Charleston is not a large town, and the wind, or a unusual charge of powder, or a random shell in the night, would send the shells in rather close proximity. The shells came all about us. We spent much time in watching the shells and their effect. After a while we got perfectly cool, and could study the matter as quietly as a child would look at the stars.

The God would not us harmed. I have seen hundreds of shells by night and by day thrown near us, and explode just by or above us. One passed so near as to set a man whirling. Another tore the sleeve of an officer's coat. One passed down through the building and struck a table around which several were just going to eat some corn bread, and spoiled the rations. A man was taking his comfort on a bench, when a shell struck one end of it and sent his sprawling. But from first to last not a drop of blood was drawn on a Union officer. They hit other people. One night I most distinctly remember: I had an old bunk, and taking a door from its hinges, I made a bed by laying the door so as to sleep on it. That night the Swamp Angel seemed to have the range on the burnt district, just between the ruins of the Catholic Church and our quarters.

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Some time in September about six hundred rebel officers were put under fire on Morris Island. The enemy asked Gen. Foster to exchange them, but he would not. A few days before I left Charleston, they were naked and their lower limbs were partly exposed. They seemed to be healthy and happy. They watched us with a great deal of seeming interest.

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He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.

Where sorrow's held intrusive and turn'd out,

There will wisdom not enter, nor true power,

Nor sought that dignifies humanity. Taylor.

For Zion's Herald.

SLAVERY IN HISTORY.

BY REV. J. EMORY ROUND.

[Concluded.]

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We have seen that the law of American Slavery follows very closely that of Rome, rejecting those modifications of the system which, under the names of servitude and villainage, have arisen under the humanizing influence of Christianity and modern civilization.

The uniform decisions of the Courts are to the effect that slavery in this country belongs to the former and not to the latter class.

Even in the most enlightened period of time, a crowd of the most oppressive dominion over a people, is to modify the system so as to make it more tolerable, are rejected as paradoxical. The conclusion from our brief investigation may be expressed in the language of a Southern statesman, (Benj. Swain, of N. Carolina,) who says that by the system "seventeen hundred thousand of the people of our country are doomed illegally to the most vile and abject slavery to the free institutions, and afterwards by those under their influences, led to become hostile to the free institutions of their country. This hostility led to repeated attempts to overrule the wishes of the majority of the people, by acts of Congress in defiance of the popular will, such as the Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas-Nebraska bill; by the exercise of brute force in opposition to law, first in the vigilance committees and other illegal contrivances to prevent a free expression of opinion in the Southern States themselves, and afterwards by the use of bludgeons in the halls of legislation to overrule the people's representatives; by attempts of the courts to usurp the functions of other departments of government; and finally by open rebellion."

Then hast thou seen that slavery is mercy for thee, And wrath is preparing—See, linger, flee!

For Zion's Herald.

ODDITIES TO PASTORS.

BY REV. S. W. COOKEHALL, D.D.

"Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that may give account, that they may do it with joy, and not grudg; for that is unprofitable for you."—HEB. xiii. 17.

In all departments of human life, there is, and from necessity must be, for the security, the welfare, and even the existence of human society, some legitimate authority, which is called government. In the church this government is vested, primarily in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, with the kingdom of the world, in Zion—^{the} king of kings, and the Lord of lords.

Secondarily, it is vested in his ministers, who, officially are called bishops, or overseers; elders on account of superior age, wisdom and experience; also pastors, or shepherds of the flock; laborers in God's vineyard; watchmen on the walls of Zion; ambassadors of Christ; stewards of the grace of God; angels of the church, or messengers of God; teachers of the Divine law; preachers of the gospel; rulers to whom is committed the discipline of the church, who are responsible for the administration, and who, therefore, in it, but quite as a precedent to sustain their authority, which is called government.

In the church this government is vested, primarily in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, with the kingdom of the world, in Zion—^{the} king of kings, and the Lord of lords.

To the same effect is the language of James Madison: "We have seen the most distinct color of color, made by the most enlightened period of time, a crowd of the most oppressive dominion over a people, is to modify the system so as to make it more tolerable, are rejected as paradoxical. The conclusion from our brief investigation may be expressed in the language of a Southern statesman, (Benj. Swain, of N. Carolina,) who says that by the system "seventeen hundred thousand of the people of our country are doomed illegally to the most vile and abject slavery to the free institutions, and afterwards by those under their influences, led to become hostile to the free institutions of their country. This hostility led to repeated attempts to overrule the wishes of the majority of the people, by acts of Congress in defiance of the popular will, such as the Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas-Nebraska bill; by the exercise of brute force in opposition to law, first in the vigilance committees and other illegal contrivances to prevent a free expression of opinion in the Southern States themselves, and afterwards by the use of bludgeons in the halls of legislation to overrule the people's representatives; by attempts of the courts to usurp the functions of other departments of government; and finally by open rebellion."

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ZION'S HERALD AND

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS AT NEW YORK.

MES FOR OUR CHINA MISSION.—The General Missionary Committee has authorized the sending to our China mission two additional mission families, a missionary priest and a missionary physician. The total amount to be sent is one-hundred-sixty years of age, and the two last under thirty. Must be of tried piety, and devoted to the mission work; the first two for life, and the last two for a term of at least ten years. These last two may be laity, but we desire our ministers will be called to the missionaries. Brethren moved toward this work will please write to Rev. Bishop Baker, Concord, N. H., or to Rev. Dr. Davis, Corresponding Secretary, 200 Mulberry Street, New York. Cannot the Presiding Elders name to us the men we need?

BEAUFORT, S. C.—James A. Da Forrest, of the New Hampshire Conference, said for Beaufort, S. C., on Wednesday morning, May 17. He will take the appointment as a missionary. Valued at \$1,000. T. Willard Lewis, who goes to Charleston city.

REV. W. PHELPS.—D. writes us from Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, under date of March 18, that he had just reached that point much improved in health by his voyage. The vessel would remain in port three days, during which he proposed visiting the Wesleyan mission of the Cape.

TO THE SECRETARIES OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES.—A resolution of the General Conference, which may be found on page xvi. of the Appendix to the Discipline, requires each Annual Conference to furnish to the General Missionary Board in New York a report of its doings on the subject of missions. Very few of the conferences whose sessions have been held this Spring have made this return for the year 1865. May we not ask and expect prompt attention to this matter?

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Please to remember that a copy of the minutes of the Annual Conference is of great importance to the Mission Room.

MORNING MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE.—The May meeting was of unusual interest on account of the presence of Bishop Thompson, who had arrived on the preceding evening from the station he had been appointed to make three months ago, in the cities of China and Korea. This visitation is an epoch in the history of our missions, and has been of an extent and importance to immortalize the man if he were spared to do no other work.

That would be sufficient to admit them as citizens to all the privileges of the government; but not enough to admit them to the fellowship of the Christian church. We want them thoroughly converted to God, but with the old taint of treason all taken out of them, and enough of the spirit of Christ in them to bring their hearts back throbbing with love for the mother church in preference to all others. Otherwise every member would be an element of weakness, and the more we had of them the worse off and the weaker we should be.

As a church we should be watching an opportunity to do them good; and especially to the poor among them we should be ready to preach the gospel. We hope and trust that the proper church authorities will be fully aware to their obligations in that direction, and see to it that no man take their crown.

them with a sound ministry; but we cannot consent to any amalgamation of the two ecclesiastical bodies. We should regard it as sufficient evidence against the fitness of any one for our communion, who was unwilling to give up his connection with the Church South.

If they choose to remain by themselves in their present organization and thus preserve their old badge of treason, let them remain. We shall be better off without them than with them. We must keep ourselves pure. The leprosy of secession will cling to that ecclesiastical organization, and a stench will arise from it hereafter intolerable for freemen to bear. If they demand back the church which have been given us for temporary occupancy by the military authorities, we should immediately surrender them. We do not want their property and ought not to accept it unless for their special gratification and good.

We are fully satisfied that after mature reflection, but few will be found in our church who will favor the following proposition of Dr. Newman, our missionary at New Orleans, as published in the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal* of last week:

The authorities of our church should make overtures to the Union, to the M. E. Church, South, on two general conditions: Unqualified loyalty to the general government, and the acceptance of the anti-slavery doctrine of the church.

That would be sufficient to admit them as citizens to all the privileges of the government; but not enough to admit them to the fellowship of the Christian church. We want them thoroughly converted to God, but with the old taint of treason all taken out of them, and enough of the spirit of Christ in them to bring their hearts back throbbing with love for the mother church in preference to all others. Otherwise every member would be an element of weakness, and the more we had of them the worse off and the weaker we should be.

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CITIZENSHIP TO FREEDMEN.—States and nations, as well as individuals, are morally bound to do right. Natural rights are sacred, the gift of God to men. To take them away, or unduly to restrain them, when not forfeited by crime, is a sin against God, the author and giver of them, as well as a wrong against man, their receiver. There is no room for policy or expediency where the only alternative is right or wrong. Some of the weighty questions now before the American people are precisely of this character. They are for the moralist, the philanthropist, the just, the high-minded and Christian statesmen and good people, to stand by the cause of justice, which in the heart of a nation's own travail, will be a blessing to all.

In this feeling of common responsibility, I am very pleased to find that there is not a man, woman or child, capable of thinking, with all the religious communities in this city, that the English are to blame for the miseries of the slaves, crime, there is, I believe, one universal expression of warm sympathy and unaffected sorrow.

Some of our popular journals have recently gone into mourning for the slaves, and I am sorry to have seen that this has been of the sovereign of these realms.

Of papers on this subject I send you one as a specimen.

Yesterday, according to the usage of centuries, was observed as a fast day in connection with the approaching sacrament by all the religious communities in this city. And it is interesting to see the good people in America to have been so anxious to have the sacrament service offered on behalf of your country, under the overwhelming calamity that has overtaken it.

Rest assured, my dearest son, that in the English society, the great mass of the British community, there were very few, if any, but those of kindred and good will towards the people of the North in these recent treacherous straits.

And you will be glad to know that if there was but manifestation of sympathy with us, he expected or desired, this arose who from misapprehension or ignorance of the principles involved, and the real ends and objects of the slaves, and the cause of their misery. And you may be very sure, that in proportion as these come to better understand and appreciate, the tide of sympathy will continue to rise higher and higher, wider and wider, stronger and stronger, till the day of a final and absolute victory, or even nationality, shall be restored here below by us.

No man, on either side of the Atlantic, did more to secure the principles, ends, and objects of the English revolution, than I. And over and over again, when we pursued our ends, we did not do it in the name of the slaves, crime, there is, I believe, one universal expression of warm sympathy and unaffected sorrow.

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PERSONAL.

Methodists of Philadelphia and vicinity recently held a meeting and appointed a committee, composed of ministers and laymen, to convey a series of resolutions to President Johnson. Bishop Simpson acted as chairman of the committee, and prefaced the reading of the resolutions by a few appropriate and eloquent remarks to the President. The committee were welcomed by the President, who stated that he was glad to have the sympathy and confidence of the church; that his sentiments written and published were too well known to require any retort. He was disposed to stand by his first record, and to punish treason as he believed it could be committed. In conclusion, he again thanked the committee and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia for the eloquence they had paid him by this visit, and the resolutions they had conveyed to him. The committee were all highly delighted with the manner of their reception, and with the interview they had with President Johnson.

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Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.
SUNSET ON MOUNT WASHINGTON,
AUG. 8, 1864.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SULVA."

The blue dark mist at eventide
Soft draped the white hills and deep vales,
Cowering down to sleep beside
The old Mount Washington.

His hoary head, lifted "beneath all,
Gold was fanned by heaven's ether pure.

So Washington, in his land, all,
First sat with patriots secure.

And love and homage won.

The pale moon's cheek of silver light
Leaned gauze to the sinking sun—

With ten thousand torches bright
On either night his race would run,

So Nature's law had spun.

Stretched up beyond his resting place,
Afar uprose a slender spire,

Landmarks of Ethan's grass,
With plain, unbosomed lake, mountain pride,

Hills of beauty in crest of dun,
Wreaths all of cloud, mist, ether blue,

Lists of tops, emerald, pearl,

With masses of light of every hue
In wake of gold and amber east

Fling from the orb of day.

Up the green home, and gems its base,
Whose gates are pearls, and gems its base,

While low this side, as a golden dome,
Slow sinks from view the sun's bright face,

The light-some fades away.

The old man runs his race,

Through cold, snow, sleet, cloud and shower,

Away to his resting place,

Wreathed with crown of glory and power,

Hence on to rest away.

Family Circle.

MY GUIDE AND WIFE.

Oh, guide her in the touch of Time;
To alter in the touch of Time;

Now say her form has lost the grace—
The matchless grace that marked its prime.

Or is she's fairer, lovelier still;

Or is her form in bloom of early days;

For changeful years have only made

More winsome all looks and ways.

List to her voice! Was it a tone

Seas full o' tender love and truth?

Match me in music if ye can;

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Or is she's fairer, lovelier still;

Or is her form in bloom of early days;

For changeful years have only made

More winsome all looks and ways.

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